

HOME CIRCLE.

(Written for the Knoxville Chronicle.)
EVIL THOUGHTS.

"Well I don't care what people think,
I'll do just as I please;
I know my gall, and swim or sink,
I'm bound to take my ease."
He took his ease; with swelling pride,
He laughed the world to scorn.
He wasted wealth and health—and died,
Cursing his God, forlorn!

"No! my mother don't know I'm out;
I'll do just as I please;
Mothers are wise, I have no doubt,
And I'll grow rich as I grow old,
While men with envy see."
She knew a year or two,
Then cursed the hour when she began
The evil to pursue.

"I know its wrong, but must have gold,
They'll never think it's me;
And I'll grow rich as I grow old,
While men with envy see."
Ten years of honest work he'd done,
Then yields himself to sin;
And wife and children weep for one
By prison walls shut in.

"What if I flirt a little; sure
No harm can me befall.
My will is strong, my heart is pure—
So I'll coquet with all."
A pretty, spoiled, and thoughtless wife,
Thus reasoned 'mid her joys,
But she, for her a ruined life,
Which she herself destroys.

Oh, evil thoughts and vain desires,
Ye twist yourselves among
Our heartstrings till our lives expire.
Catholized and unsung,
But there is life, and there is Rest,
For you, oh weary man!
Shun evil thoughts—'tis God's behest—
And do what good you can.

(Written for the Knoxville Chronicle.)
REGRETS.

Little did I dream at parting, when he kissed
My brow and cheek,
As he clasped me close in silence, for adieu
He could not speak.
That no more his arms would fold me or his
Face so frank and fair,
(Smiling down on me so sadly, with its
Crown of chestnut hair,
Would look within the shadow of the
Cypress tree in laid;
Else the words of eager yearning on my
Lips had not been staid,
And repentance, like a canker, be corroding
At my heart.

For the love I left unspoken lest the
Smothered tears should start,
Oh, these words of eager yearning, could I
Only then have seen
How the dark and dismal shadows from the
Churchyard stole between—
We, who lingered loth at parting, then this
Ceaseless vain regret
In my bosom would not ramble, nor my
Morning sun be set.
I have acted well the while, but I now would
Give my all,
Could I only for a moment, be permitted to
Recall
Just that bitter, bitter parting, that such
Love I might reveal.

As would make the heart I wounded by my
Seeming coldness heal.
But to save a moment's weeping, I have
Turned all time to tears.
Changed my morning into midnight, where
No star of hope appears,
Where sweet buds of recollection should
Spring up and bud and blow
Evermore the turbid waters of regret must
Ebb and flow.
But, alas! this wringing out a life in
Drops of woe.
When the soul itself seems bursting with
Each agonizing throes.
Yet, they come not in vain—these birth-
Pangs if thereafter we shall find
They have brought forth fruits more tender
For the dear ones left behind.
Chattanooga, May 21st, 1875.

Mr. Twosticks and his Children.

How naturally children find out who
Are their friends and who are not.
Old Mr. Twosticks has no children. He
Is a worshipping sort of soul, not very
Happy himself, and not well versed in the
Art and science of making other people
Happy.
The other day somebody remarked to
Little Rosie, who was complaining about
How cross old Mr. Twosticks was, that
The old gentleman had no children to
Make him happy.

"Poor gentleman!" said Rosie. "Got
no children to make him happy." Then,
stopping a moment to think, she added,
"But I guess it's just as well, for he could
not make them happy. I'd pity the poor
children if they were his. He don't know
anything about children anyhow."

A love for children is a certificate of
good character, and children know to
whom it ought to be given. No child
loves the selfish person who says: "There
now, run away, children, and don't bother
me so." No child wants to be with the
staring person who is all the time
looking as if he were just going to say
something snappish.—*Christian at Work.*

Robbing the Treasury.

(Special to Baltimore Sun.)
A very curious circumstance has be-
come known in connection with the
Treasury robbery. A few years ago
twenty thousand dollars were stolen
from the Treasury's office and upon
the same day it was discovered that a
certain nameless gentleman, with several
friends, visited the vaults. Of this
twenty thousand dollars six thousand
only were recovered. This sum was
placed by some unknown parties to
the credit of the Treasury of the United
States through a New York bank.
No further clue to this robbery was
ever discovered. It happens that on
the same day when the forty-seven
thousand dollars were taken this very
same gentleman, who went through the
vaults several years before when the
twenty thousand were taken, also
visited the vaults with several friends.
There may be nothing in this peculiar
coincidence, but it is a fact which has
come to the knowledge of the de-
tectives, and which is being considered
by them.

THE TEA-TASTER.

Delicate Questions Decided Profes-
sionally.

Professional tea-tasting calls into action
all the senses, some of which are thus de-
veloped to a degree of perfection seldom
attained in any other art. An interesting
sight to the uninitiated would be the
sanctum of a professional chaeze or tea-
taster.

The long rows of apparently innumera-
ble little sample-boxes and bottles, the
large, revolving, round table, and many
tiny, pure white tea cups; the delicate
little scales, with grain weight that vi-
brate with the gentlest breath; a silver
spoon, the magic wand of the profession;
the glass tumbler; the bright copper tea-
kettle, puffing forth the steam of boiling
water—all remind you of tea-making. Be-
seated, and watch the movements of the
chaeze.

Dozens of ten-samples are placed
around the inner edge of the table (those
selected from among hundreds); as many
tea-cups are placed before them; just
twenty grains in weight of each sample
(carefully averaged as regards to size of
the leaf of the tea) is placed in each little
cup; just one gill of water, while boiling,
is poured in each, and the taster counts
the minute; now he sits down and scans
the liquid tea as the vapor rises from all
the samples. In meditation deep, he is
lost to the outer world. He then agitates
each little cup, as if to call up some tiny
spirit. His penetrating eyes scan the
various shades from light to dark. He
now inhales their ethereal odors. The
twitching of muscles shows the effect of
appreciation or dislike. Thus he con-
tinues into the end, deep in contempla-
tion. Thunder, lightning, artillery, can
not arouse him; he is lost to all other
thoughts; it is tea, and tea alone, that
absorbs his whole attention.

The rounds are gone once more. From
the little spoons he lifts the steaming
liquor. He does not drink it quickly, but
as though he feared it would burn, or
that he would lose its delicious flavor.
He twirls it around in his mouth, as if
to extract its quality; then he spits it.
Each blason shares the same criticism;
and with intense thoughts he scans up all
the characteristics. The result fixes the
value; each sample shows its worth from
the figure he has made. Thus all the teas
of commerce are valued by the experts.

Observe the list of prices: Only half a
cent difference in price between some,
and as much as \$1 between others. Who
would have thought there was so great a
difference in value? The highest range
at the present day in the value of tea is
from 25 cents to \$1.50 per pound; in
many instances varying but little in value
from one to the next up to the highest.
(There are wholesale prices.)

As an article of merchandise in this
country, tea has been sold as high as \$3
per pound (wholesale). In China it is
said to sell as high as 15 for the finest
of spring-pickings or Mandarin tea—a
perfect white Hokee leaf, which is seldom
ever exported from that country—except
to Russia. The writer has seen a similar
description of this tea, which has been
grown in India, in the Upper Assam Tea
Company's plantation, and which was
sold at the Commercial sale-rooms, in
London, England, for \$5.50 per pound, gold.

This tea was exported from London to
St. Petersburg—the Russians after the
highest class of Chinese, being the consum-
ers of the best grades of tea grown, and
which is sent to them overland by car-
vans.

A Story of Sedan.

As a pendant to the German official
report on the battle of Sedan, the Paris
correspondent of the London Times tells
the following story concerning the cot-
tage where the two Emperors met: "It
is known in the locality," he says, "as
'La Maison du Tisserand,' 'La Maison
de l'Empereur,' or 'La Maison des Deux
Emperes.' The two first titles
explain themselves, but the third is de-
rived from a fact which is little
known, and which is another proof that
accession of fortune is often acquired at
the expense of domestic peace. The cot-
tage is one story high, with a tiled roof,
and stands parallel to the road. A newly-
built wall reaches from the front of the
house to the road, and divides the build-
ing in two; but before this historical in-
terview this wall did not exist. The house
belonged to two brothers, half to each.
The room in which the celebrated
meeting was held is in the corner of the
cottage nearest to Sedan; but in 1871 the
entrance door was at the other extremity
nearest to Donchery, and looked upon
the road in front. When the room was
being prepared for the interview—that is
to say, when the round table and the two
stair chairs which still remain had been
brought in—the Emperor, who was soon
distant off, was informed that all was
ready. He alighted from his carriage,
entered the front door, and went up
stairs—that is to say, he came in at the
right side and entered the room situated
to the left. After the war was over, and
indeed before, a great many visitors went
to see the house, and, after the manner
of tourists, were careful to follow the
same road, to go up the same staircase
and sit in the same room as Napoleon III.
and Prince Bismarck. The owner of the
room soon began to make a good thing of
the curiosity of the visitors. He sold the
photographs of the house. The four
pieces of gold which the Emperor had
given to his humble hostess he had
framed and hung over the mantelpiece,
for, curious to relate, it was the father
monarch who paid in this way for the
use of the audience chamber. The proprietor
found, in short, that this unexpected
meeting produced a golden shower, but
his brother, the owner of the staircase,
put in a claim for a share of the profits.
He said that as the visitors went up his
staircase he ought, in common justice, to
get half the proceeds of the exhibition,
and he added that he would stop the way
his brother's demands were satisfied. His
brother looked at the matter in a differ-
ent light, arguing that people did not
come to look at the staircase or the pas-
sage, but at the room, which belonged to
him. Day by day the quarrel got worse,
both were equally stubborn and the do-
mestic peace of the house was fatally dis-
turbed. Soon a stone wall was built
between the two halves of the house, and
the weaver opened a new door and
erected a new staircase, so that nowadays
visitors no longer use the old staircase on
the right, up which the Emperor passed.
Every day travelers come from all parts
of the world to stare at the bare walls of
the room and sit in the straw chairs, so
that the weaver makes a deal of money,
but peace is not restored in the 'Maison
des Deux Emperes.'"

Byron's Italian valet is still living, and
in public office in London.

Burke's Conservatism.

The outbreak of the Revolution in
1789 menaced Europe with one of the
greatest of all evils—the premature
adoption of liberal institutions. For-
ever vain and always fruitless, the
prophetic evil will be attempts to found
a government by the whole people
where the mass of the working popu-
lation are grossly ignorant and supersti-
tious. The reason is known to all
who have an opportunity of closely ob-
serving the workings of such minds.
They can only be swayed by arts
which honest intelligence can not use,
and therefore they will be usually gov-
erned by men who have an interest in
misleading them. Great Britain was
nearer a republic than any other nation
in Europe; but England, too, needed
another century to get the tap room
reduced, the people's school developed
in every parish, and the educated class
intensely alive to the folly of heaping
importance upon idiots.

Edmund Burke was the man who,
more than any other, held England
back from revolution in 1792. Rational
appeals to the rational faculty could
not have availed. Appalled at what he
saw in France, Burke, after thirty
years' advocacy of liberal principles,
and a-sitting to create a Republic in
America, became a fanatic of conserva-
tism, and terrified England into stand-
ing by the monarchy. He was alarmed
even at the influx of Frenchmen into
England, flying from *La Lanterne*, and
he gave vehement support to the
Alien Act, which authorized the sum-
mary expulsion from the kingdom of
foreigners suspected by the Govern-
ment. Yet, some of his sentences read like honey. It was in the
course of this debate that the celebra-
ted dagger scene occurred, which Gil-
ray has satirized. A wild tale of a
Birmingham for the use of French
Jacobins in England, and one of them
was given him as a specimen. It was
an implement of such undecided form
that it might have served as a dagger,
a pike head, or a carving-knife. He
dashed it upon the floor of the House
of Commons, almost hitting the foot of
an honorable member, and proceeded
to declaim against the unhappy ex-
pression of the highest style of security.
"What is the matter?" said he, "I see
blood trickling down their faces; I see
their insidious purposes; I see that
the object of their enjoining is blood."
A pause ensued after the orator had
spoken a while in this strain. "You
have thrown down a knife," said
Sheridan, "where is the fork?" A
shout of laughter followed this sally,
which relieved the suppressed feelings
of the House, but spoiled the "effect"
of Mr. Burke's performance.—James
Parton, in "Harper's Magazine" for July.

His Looks Deceived Him.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)
He did not look like a joker. One to
sit and study his face would have said
that his soul was so lost in melancholy
thought that he didn't care two cents whether the
sun set at noon or staid up until 7 o'clock.
He entered the ladies' sitting-room at the
Central depot, walked up to a woman
whose husband had left the room about
ten minutes previously, and calmly in-
quired:

"Madam, your husband went out to
see the river, didn't he?"
"Yes—why?" she asked, turning pale
in an instant.
"He was a tall man, wasn't he?"
"He was," she replied, raising up and
turning still paler.
"He had red hair?"
"He had—oh! what has happened?"
"Weighed about one hundred and
eighty pounds?"
"Yes—yes—where is he—where is my
husband?" she exclaimed.
"Couldn't swim, could he?"
"He's drowned—my husband is
drowned!" she wailed.
"Had a silver watch-chain?" continued
the stranger.
"Where is my husband—where is the
body?" she gasped.
"Do not get excited, madam. Did
your husband have on a gray suit?"
"Yes—oh my Thomas! my Thomas!"
"And a dog boots?"
"Let me see him—let me see him!"
she cried.

"Come this way, madam, do not get
excited. This is that your husband
across the street at that peasant stand?"
"Why, yes, that's him; that's my hus-
band!" she exclaimed joyfully. "I
thought you said he was drowned."
"No, madam, I did not. I saw him
buying peanuts, and I believed it my
duty to say to you that peanuts are not
healthy at this season of the year."
He sidled softly out, and she stood there
and chewed her parrot and started after
him as if he were a menagerie on wheels.

Influence of George III.

The fatal objection to the hereditary
principle in the government of nations
is the importance which to use Mr.
Jefferson's words, it "heaps upon
idiot." Idiot is a harsh word to
apply to a person so well disposed as
George III, King of England, to whom
the violence of the Revolutionary
period was chiefly due; but when we
think of the evil and suffering from
which Europe could have been
saved if he had known a little more or
a little less, we can not be surprised
that contemporaries should have sum-
med him up with disrespectful brevity.
But for him, so far as short-sighted
mortals can discern, the period of
bloody revolution could have been a
period of peaceful reform. After exas-
perating his subjects nearly to the
point of rebellion, he precipitated the
independence of the American colonies,
which, in turn, brought on the
French Revolution, and that issued in
Napoleon Bonaparte, whose sins
France only finished expiating at
Sedan.

It is true, there must have been in
Great Britain myriads upon myriads
of such heads as that of King George
to make his policy possible. But sup-
pose that instead of placing himself at
the head of the dull minds in his em-
pire, he had given the prestige of the
crown to the bright and independent
souls! Suppose he had taken as kind-
ly to Chatham, Burke, Fox, Franklin,
Priestley and Barre as he did to Bute,
Dr. Johnson, Addington and Eldon!—
James Parton, in "Harper's Magazine" for July.

New York, June 14.—The express train
which left Boston at 4 o'clock Saturday, is
off the track. Vice President Wilson among
the injured. Blaine hurt in the side, Miss
Anna Lewis, Gov. Rogers, Singer, right
shoulder bruised. None killed.

Detroit Justice.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

"John Jacob Astor Harrison, is it right
for a man to strike his wife with a horse-
handle?" inquired his Honor of a colored
man who sat softly out.
"Wall, she's just de wastest woman in
dis town," answered the prisoner.
"But that's no excuse, Mr. Harrison;
you have no business to take the law into
your own hands."
"He's took de law? I took de
hose-handle, and if he had been dar and
seen what a little bit I hit her you
wouldn't make de least fuss over it."
"I have been several times informed,
Mr. Harrison, that you are as lethargic as
a hotel waiter, and as cross as a hyena
with a sore throat, and that it would be
far better for your family if you were re-
moved to a higher sphere—say the third
story of the House of Correction."
"I'd jess like to have ye live vid dat
old wife of mine 'bout free days—den
you'd know who's to blame," answered
the prisoner.
"That is impossible, Mr. Harrison, and
I believe that it is my solemn duty to put
you where you can't hose-handle the pub-
lic any more for a long three months."
"Iz I boosted?"
"You are."
"Den far well to dis yere world—
far well! I dey'll find a corpse in de cell,
and dat corpse will be me!"
"I can't help it," replied his Honor, as
he picked out another warrant, "duty
stands here with outstretched hand, and
if you die I shall feel no stings of remorse
—shall see no accusing spirit in my mid-
night dreams."

A Religious War Prophesied.

(Chicago Times.)

"What time is it?" asked the
mother. "Half-past one," said the
baby. There was great astonishment
in the household when the infant
spoke up so promptly in answer to a
demand for the time of day, for he
was only two days old! It was in a
humid residence on Lafayette street,
in Detroit. The family gathered
around, and the baby proceeded to speak
to her. He said that in two years a
great religious war would come, be-
tween the Catholics and the Protestants,
and that the Catholics would be
victorious, wiping them "enemies from
the face of the earth, and avenging the
wrongs of centuries."
Then the baby stopped. The inspira-
tion ceased. His infantile features lost
their seraphic expression, and he was
"only a baby" after that. In a few
hours he was dead. There was great
excitement in the neighborhood of
Lafayette street, and much talk was
indulged in over the infant's miracu-
lous and, and the bloody prophecy
which it contained. There is no doubt-
ing the story, because it was told to a
Detroit newspaper reporter by a man
who was sober, and the man who told
him had a good reputation for truth
and veracity. We can only hope that
the baby himself was misinformed.

Prince Bismarck, will, on the advice
of his medical attendant, pass in fu-
ture his periods of leave in a warm cli-
mate. He intends, therefore, to pur-
chase property in Southern Germany,
but will not sell his estate at Varzin.

COMMERCIAL.

WHOLESALE MARKETS.

CHICAGO OFFICE
KNOXVILLE, TENN., JUNE 14, 1875.
Transactions in produce, as well as in all
other lines of trade, were few and light
during the week just closed, and we have
but little change to make in our report for
to-day. We are now passing through the
dullest season of the year, and can not
reasonably look for any marked activity
until after harvest.

The wheat market is easy at last week's
quotations.

Corn, dull with a fair stock in store.

The supply of bacon is ample, with light
demand and small sales at quoted prices.

Lard, in moderate demand and rules
steady at former rates.

Good varieties of late seed potatoes con-
tinue in excellent demand at outside quo-
tations.

Aside from very fine fresh butter, the
supply remains heavy and prices low.

There was a little spring during the
week in prime goose feathers, and a few
sales were made as high as 55, but prices
hurriedly fell back, and 50 cents now is the
top of the market.

We quote:

WHEAT—Quiet; white \$1.10a1.18.
CORN—Dull; loose, 74a75c; sacked in
depot, 80a82c.
LARD—Steady, 16c.
OATS—In demand, 55a60c.
IRISH POTATOES—For seed, Northern,
\$2.00 per bushel, \$5.00 per barrel; country,
\$1.75 to \$2.00 per bushel.
CAYENNE—Fair demand, \$1.00a1.10, baled.
LOOSE FROM WAGONS, 75c per 100 lbs.
DRIED FRUIT—Apples, 7a8c. Peaches,
quarters, 7a8c; halves, 8a9c. Blackber-
ries, 7a8c.

FLOUR—In family and higher country family,
buying, \$2.75a3.00; selling, 3.00a3.25; ex-
tra, buying, \$3.50a3.75; selling, \$3.75a4.00.
Knoxville City Mills, "our standard
family" \$3.55; Pearl Mills family, \$3.30;
City Mills family, \$3.15; Pearl Mills extra,
\$2.90.

BAKON—Dull with heavy stock on hand;
hams, 12c; clear sides, 14c; shoulders, 11c.
Lard, in moderate demand and rules
steady at former rates.

GOOD VARIETIES OF LATE SEED POTATOES CON-
TINUE IN EXCELLENT DEMAND AT OUTSIDE QUO-
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CAYENNE—Fair demand, \$1.00a1.10, baled.
LOOSE FROM WAGONS, 75c per 100 lbs.
DRIED FRUIT—Apples, 7a8c. Peaches,
quarters, 7a8c; halves, 8a9c. Blackber-
ries, 7a8c.

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GOOD VARIETIES OF LATE SEED POTATOES CON-
TINUE IN EXCELLENT DEMAND AT OUTSIDE QUO-
TATIONS.

Wholesale Grocery Market.

Knoxville, June 14.

Coffee.
Prime to choice 22a24c
Sugar.
Hard sugar 12a13c
Coffee A 11a12c
Coffee B 10a11c
Coffee C 9a10c
Demarara 10a11c
N. O. 10a11c

Syrups.
Common 4a5c
Prime and choice 5a6c
Fruit 6a7c
N. O. 10a11c

Teas.
Hyson 12a13c
Imperial 13a14c
Oolong 14a15c
Kea Breakfast 15a16c

Spices.
Pepper 15a16c
Allspice 16a17c
Nutmeg 17a18c
Cloves 18a19c

Canned Goods.
Sardines 1/2 case \$1.75
2 1/2 Peaches 2 doz.
Pine Apples 1/2 case \$1.00
Strawberries 1/2 case \$1.00
Raspberries 1/2 case \$1.00
Custard 1/2 case \$1.00
Cov. Oysters 1/2 case \$1.00
do 2 1/2 2a2.50

Rice.
Carolina 9a10c
R. a. 10a11c

Drugs.
Knoxville, June 14.
The drug trade continues brisk for the
season, and our wholesale merchants have
no reason to complain. Coal oil continues
to advance slightly, owing to the exces-
sively high test required by the govern-
ment, and the value of the currency. Logwood
has also advanced and will go still higher.
Lined oil is declining. We quote:

Sarsaparilla 1/2 case \$1.75
Lined Oil 1/2 case \$1.75
Tampers 1/2 case \$1.75
Lard Oil 1/2 case \$1.75
Sardines 1/2 case \$1.75
Pine Apples 1/2 case \$1.00
Strawberries 1/2 case \$1.00
Raspberries 1/2 case \$1.00
Custard 1/2 case \$1.00
Cov. Oysters 1/2 case \$1.00
do 2 1/2 2a2.50

Knoxville Retail Market.
Knoxville, June 14.
Sugar 12a13c
Coffee 11a12c
Tea 10a11c
Spices 15a16c
Canned Goods 1/2 case \$1.75
Rice 9a10c
Drugs 12a13c

Atlanta Market.
Atlanta Herald, June 14th.
Corn, new white, 1.08a1.10. Wheat, white,
nominal; amber, nominal; red, nominal.
Oats, 80c. Peas, 1.00a1.10. Mixed, 1.40.
Corn meal, \$1.10. Flour, superfine, 1.60;
extra, do., \$2.25a2.50; family, 7.00a7.25;
extra, do., 7.00a7.25; fancy, 8.00a8.25. Hay,
Timothy, 1.00a1.25. Tennessee, \$1.25a1.50;
clover, \$1.40. Bacon, clear sides, 10c; c. r.
sides, 12c; shoulders, 9c; country-cured hams
14a14c; sugar-cured hams, 16c. Bulk
meats; clear sides, 10c; clear rib 13c; should-
ers, 10c; hams, 12c; bacon hams, 13c. Lard,
cocoa, 10a12c; kerosene, 8.00a8.25. Hay,
buckeye 17a18c. Feathers, 50a60c. Buckwheat
flour 1/2 bbl., 10.00. Seed potatoes, Early
Rose, 4.00; Goodrich, 4.00; Pink Eye,
4.25. Onions, 4.00a4.50; sweet potatoes,
50c. Apples, 1/2 bbl., 3.00a3.50; dried
apples, 1/2 bbl., 3.00a3.50; Northern, 1/2 bbl.,
3.00a3.50; dried peaches, unpeeled, 6c; peeled,
12c. Chickens, grown, 30a35c; Spring,
25a28c. Butter, 18a20c; eggs, 13a15c. Wool,
washed, 32a35c; unwashed, 25c.

Markets by Telegraph.

New York Market.

New York, June 14.

Money easier, 11a20c. Sterling quiet,
8.00. Gold dull, \$1.16a1.16 1/2. Govern-
ments dull but steady. States quiet
and nominal.

Flour a shade firmer, with a fair de-
mand. Southern flour a shade firmer,
and more active; common to fair ex-
tra, \$4.90a5.80; good to choice extra,
\$5.25a5.95. Wheat (regional) an un-
settled, closing at 1a2c higher, with a
better export demand; \$1.20 for winter
red western; \$1.34a1.35 for amber do.;
\$1.32a1.36 for white western. Corn 1c
better, but less active; 8a8 1/2c for steam
western mixed; 8a8 1/2c for good new
western mixed in store. Oats dull and
lower; 70a71c for mixed western; 70a
70c for white do.; 90c for inferior mixed
Canada. Coffee quiet and steady;
Rio is quoted at 16a18c, gold, by cargo,
and 16a19c, gold, for job lots.
Sugar dull and unchanged; 8a8 1/2c for
fair to good refining; 8 1/2c for prime;
refined, closing at 1a2c higher, with a
better export demand, and nominal.
Rice quiet and unchanged. Tallow
firm, 8c. Pork lower; new, \$19.00.
Lard lower; prime steam, 12 1/2a12 1/2.
Whisky steady at \$1.20.

Cincinnati Market.

Cincinnati, June 14.—Flour dull,
unchanged. Corn steady, 7a7 1/2c. Pork
lower, \$19.50. Lard lower, fair de-
mand; summer, 12a12 1/2c; winter, 12a
12 1/2c. Bacon dull; shoulders 9c; clear
rib, 12c; clear sides, 12c. Whisky
quiet, held at \$1.15, no sales.

St. Louis Market.

St. Louis, June 14.—Flour quiet,
weak, little doing. Corn, No. 2
mixed, 67c. Pork lower to sell, offered
at \$19.75, 19.50 bid. Bacon firm, only
limited jobbing demand. Lard nomi-
nal. Whisky nominal, \$1.18.

Louisville Market.